

THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

Helen Fiercely Resents the Critical, Instructive Air of Warren's Sister.

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This series is a continuation of "Their Married Life," produced by Mabel Herbert Uner for four years. The Married Life of Helen and Warren, appearing exclusively in this paper is the only series now being written by Mabel Herbert Uner.

LEAVING the receiver off the hook, Warren came back to the dining-room.

"It's Carrie! They're having dinner at the Biltmore and want to come here afterward. All right, isn't it?" Helen started up with a dismayed, "Carrie! Then, hastily, 'Oh, yes—yes, of course—tell her we'd love to have them!'"

Warren went back to the phone, and Helen, leaving her dessert, flew into her dressing-room and dragged from the wardrobe her two best gowns.

"Come back here and finish your dinner," called Warren a moment later. "Will my blue taffeta look too light?" unhesitatingly. "If they're dining at the Biltmore, Carrie'll be dressed, won't she?"

"Now don't rig up for them! Wear what you've got on, and come finish your dinner."

But Helen, having decided on the blue taffeta, was already half undressed. The ribbon was out of her best camisole, and she upset two drawers in a hurried search for a low-cut corset cover.

"Dear," calling to Warren, who was still in the dining-room, "ring for Emma—I want her to look me up."

She had slipped on the blue gown, but somehow it did not look as well as usual. Perhaps it was her hair, or because she was flushed and hurried.

"Emma, I want you to clear the table and straighten the dining-room as quickly as you can," as the girl fastened her dress. Mr. Curtis' sister is coming, and she's a wonderful housekeeper. Put on your best white apron and keep it on—we may want something during the evening. Oh, is that hook off? Yes, you'll have to pin it. Wait, here's a white one."

With a last adjusting touch to her hair, Helen ran in to straighten the front room and the library.

"Hold on, there; I want those," growled Warren as she folded up the scattered evening papers.

"They're right here," laying them on the table beside him. "They look so untidy strewn about. Dear, move your chair a little—you've caught up the rug. Oh, don't put your ashes there—here's your ash tray."

Helen brushed the ashes from the lamp base, hastily arranged the magazines, and evened the window shades. "What in the Sam Hill are you fussing around for? Nobody's coming but Carrie and Ed."

"You know," Carrie sees everything. Oh, you're not going to wear that old house coat?"

"Why not?" belligerently.

"Ed never wears one when we go home. And that's so shabby—look at that spot on the sleeve. Dear, please change it."

With a muttered expletive Warren flung down his paper and strode into the bedroom, peeling off the house coat as he went.

"Dear," following him anxiously, "that collar's frayed. 'Won't you—'"

"No, I won't," jerking on his other coat. "I put that on clean for dinner, and I'll not change again. See here, shut those windows!"

"Just a minute until it airs out!" sniffingly. "I can smell that cauliflower

yet. Wait, dear, help me put on this good bedspread! No, draw it over to your side most. Oh, there they are now!" as the door bell rang. "Quick—this side's still too long!"

Helen had just time to straighten the counterpane and smooth over the pillows before she hurried out to greet them.

"Why, you've got all the windows up," was Carrie's first critical comment when she came into the bedroom to lay off her wraps.

"It was so warm in here," Helen hastily put them down. "Well, it's cold enough out," taking off her coat and displaying a gray crepe evening gown that fitted severely her tall, stiff figure.

"You sit here, Carrie," Helen pushed forward an easy chair as they joined Warren and Ed in the library.

"No, I'll sit over by the radiator; I'm chilly. Do you people always keep your apartment this cold?"

"Helen said the place smelled of cooking," blundered Warren.

"We had cauliflower for dinner," flushed Helen, "and I think the odor of that always strong, don't you?"

"Yes, if you let it get through your house," Carrie's superior air implied that no cooking odor ever permeated her apartment.

"Well, how did New York look when you got back?" asked Ed.

"Mighty good," agreed Warren, and for some time the conversation was on their trip and the war conditions they had found in London.

Helen was glad to let Warren do most of the talking, but she was conscious that Carrie's critical glance kept wandering about the apartment.

"Ugh, how she frightened me!" as Pussy Purr-Mew made a sudden leap for the fringe on Carrie's wrist-bag. "She's caught her claw," sharply. "She'll tear it!"

Helen rescued the fringe and took Pussy Purr-Mew on her lap.

"I like dogs, but I don't see how you can fuss over a cat," disapproved Carrie. "Think of the dust she collects with that tail!"

"We try not to have any dust for the tail to collect," returned Helen, feeling that for once she had scored.

"No, I hadn't much time to get around," Warren was saying. "But Helen did drag me out to the rag market—that's a rum place for you. Helen, show 'em the things we got there."

"Oh, we didn't get much," murmured Helen, who always shrank from showing Carrie anything. "Here's an old card case," taking it from the mantel.

"And this old scent bottle I think's rather quaint. What were they, dear? Only two shillings each, wasn't it?"

"You're wild about this sort of thing, aren't you?" Carrie was looking at them without the slightest interest. "I suppose they're all right, but I never cared to litter up my house with a lot of bric-a-brac."

Helen, who loathed bric-a-brac and who prided herself on having a home free from useless ornamentation, flushed resentfully.

"I see you've moved your desk," as Helen put back the scent bottle.

"Yes, it was near the heat—the evening was getting warped."

"You ought to keep a saucer of water under your radiators. It's not the heat as much as the dryness that cracks veneer," instructed Carrie. "Do you use a good furniture polish?"

"I suppose it's good," stiffly. "I get it at Warner's."

"Well, if you'd get a little lemon oil

—it would take off all these smeary-looking places. It's better than anything else for mahogany."

With an effort Helen forced a murmured comment about "trying it."

Carrie's critical, instructive attitude had never seemed more intolerable, and she had never felt for her a stronger antagonism. It was a difficult evening, and Helen could hardly keep from showing the resentment that was smoldering within her.

It was a relief when Ed finally glanced at the clock and announced that it was after ten. But it was another half hour before they really got started.

"It doesn't seem possible that Friday's Christmas," observed Carrie as she pinned on her hat. "But we're not giving a single present this year. What we ordinarily spend for presents we've decided to give to the Belgians. Mrs. Elliot and I got off a big box on their Christmas ship."

"That was very fine of you," murmured Helen, thinking of the expensive centerpiece she had already bought for Carrie.

"Oh, isn't that something new?" Carrie paused at the dining-room door as they passed by. "I've never seen that decanter."

"Yes, I got that in London. I love that old Bohemian glass so, and you don't often see one with the old silver stopper."

"What do you use for your silver?" Carrie had taken up a berry dish from the sideboard. "Gordon's silver soap? Oh, they make a cream that's much better. You try it and your silver won't look so cloudy," holding the dish up to the light.

"Carrie, it's late," called Ed from the door.

With a forced, set smile, Helen followed them out to the elevator. Even after they rang for the car, Carrie kept it waiting while she still extolled the merits of the silver cream.

"Mighty nice to have them this evening," declared Warren as he closed the door. "Carrie looked well, didn't she? Gave you some good tips, too. You must try that stunt about water under the radiator."

Helen gulped, then all her smoldering resentment blazed out. It was the primitive, tigerish resentment that is aroused in even the mildest, gentlest woman by the criticism and interference of her husband's family.

"You think she's such a paragon of a housekeeper, don't you?" passionately. "That's what all your family think! Well, I want to tell you something I saw myself! You remember that night we were over when Ed was sick? Well, I went out to fill the hot-water bag, and I found the maid brushing her teeth in the kitchen sink! Now I may have smeary furniture and cloudy silver—but I'm at least clean about the kitchen! And I'll tell her so, too!"

"What're you trying to start, anyway?" scowled Warren. "I think it's mighty fine of Carrie to want to help you."

"Help me? She only wanted an excuse to air her own perfection. I tried to be civil to her tonight—but the next time," excitedly, "I'll let her know I can run my house without her assistance! And I'm going to tell her that my maid doesn't wash her teeth in the kitchen sink!"

"How do you know what she does when you're not out there? Jove, women are catfish," as with a yawn Warren started to wind the clock. "Where in the deuce is that key?"

SERGT. JOHN CATTS MADE LIEUTENANT

Head of "Vice Squad" Promoted for Efficient Activity in Enforcing Kenyon "Red-light" Law.

Sergeant John Catts, of the First precinct, whose work as head of the "vice squad" in raiding illegally conducted hotels, gambling resorts and gathering evidences of various other kinds of vice in the downtown section in the last few months has kept him in the limelight, has been sworn in as an acting lieutenant.

The promotion of Catts was made by

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Samples Free by Mail. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sent throughout the world. Address samples of each mailed free, with 12-cent box. Label "Cuticura," Dept. 127, Boston.

SENATE WILL CONTINUE HALF-AND-HALF PLAN

Pool of Subcommittee Reveals Sentiment for Municipal Hospital Appropriation of \$100,000.

Customary provision for the half-and-half payment of District expenses, and a large appropriation for the commencement of work on the municipal hospital authorized last year to be created at Thirteenth and I street, will be featured in the Senate District appropriation bill this year.

Following the last of the hearings on the bill Saturday, a careful pool of the subcommittee showed the membership unanimously opposed to the Johnson rider to the House bill. In addition, a strong sentiment in favor of an appropriation for the municipal hospital was developed.

The current appropriation law carries a \$15,000 appropriation for the preparation of plans and specifications for the new building, which is to cost \$200,000 when completed. District authorities are very anxious to have the foundation dug and work commenced this year, and the Senate subcommittee probably will include an item of something more than \$100,000 for this purpose.

The subcommittee will meet today to commence framing the bill.

PROVIDE WORK FOR IDLE

High School Buildings Are Being Rushed to Completion.

Additional bricklayers have been employed on the new Central High School building at Thirteenth street and Florida avenue northwest so as to complete the structure as soon as possible, and to provide employment for many idle masons.

Work on the reconstruction of the Western High School building is progressing rapidly and will be completed in time for the beginning of the 1915-1916 school season.

Plans have been completed by Snowden Ashford, municipal architect, for the swimming pools at Rosedale and Howard play grounds, but the work hardly will begin until sometime in the spring.

Blind Plan Christmas Party.

A Christmas celebration for the blind will be held on the night of December 29 at the National Library for the Blind, at 1725 H street northwest, between 7 and 9 o'clock. There will be a Christmas tree decorated by the blind people themselves and recitations and music by Miss Florence Webster and Miss Edith M. Newcomb. The weekly reading hour will be omitted until January 5.

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100 Lost With Mesquite.

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Lawmakers Acquitted of Charges. Indianapolis, Dec. 20.—Lieut. Gov. W. P. O'Neill, and twelve officers and attaches of the Indiana legislature, were found not guilty today of the charge of signing and presenting illegal claims. They were indicted December 4.

SAYS ROADS SHOULD GET MORE.

Samuel Rea Sees Beginning of Constructive Policy in L.C.C. Decision.

New York, Dec. 20.—The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the 5 per cent rate case will help the railroads greatly, but the increase granted is only about 50 per cent of what is considered necessary, according to President Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania system. He issued the following statement today:

"I regard this decision as the beginning of a constructive policy in railroad regulation so imperatively required. It certainly indicates that the commission has been seriously impressed by actual conditions and financial conditions, and we recognize that the commission has carefully considered the entire situation and rendered what it believes to be a fair and equitable decision. The decision, however, grants an increase on only about 50 per cent of the freight business of our system, and is not so far-reaching as the railroad believed to be necessary; therefore the railroads, as the commission emphasizes, must continue their efforts to conserve and augment their revenues from the sources the commission previously recommended."

50-CENT BEEF IN TWO YEARS.

Government Expert Also Predicts \$10 a Pair Shoes.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—"Beef will sell at 50 cents a pound and shoes at \$10 a pair, perhaps, within two years."

This startling prediction was made by Henry J. Williamson, statistician in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, who is stopping here on his way back to the Capital from a five-week tour of the cattle range country.

"Unless the slaughter of calves is stopped and scientific breeding for increase becomes general, the United States will soon have to import beef," said Williamson.

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GROGAN'S

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GROGAN'S



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It might be a hard matter to convince some that any degree of sentiment has its place in our business relations with customers. Those are among the people who have never bought from us. Old customers, who in their turn have shown a spirit of fairness, will tell you something of the "Grogan" form of appreciation.

The matter of moderate prices for honest, reliable values in every line of home furnishings need not be presented to these old customers. They know of them from pleasant experience.

It's another feature of which we wish to remind them—a form of helpfulness most appreciated just before the Christmas time when we all feel that demand for an extra amount of ready cash.

Many of your holiday gifts may be found in our store. There are hundreds of articles here; sensible, appropriate, and very acceptable to any one.

Princess Dressers

Blankets

Comforts

Parlor Suites

Brass Beds

Iron Beds

Costumers

Book Cases

Book Shelves

Ladies' Desks

Office Desks

Parlor Tables

Library Tables

Davenport

China Closets

Couches

Chiffoniers

Dinner Sets

Rugs

Carpets

Hall Glasses

Hall Seats

Hall Racks

High Chairs

Iron Cribs

Jardinieres

Dining-Room Chairs

Coal of Gas Ranges

Extension Tables

Dressing Tables

Cheval Mirrors

Bedroom Suites

Lace Curtains

Portieres

Morris Chairs

Music Cabinets

Office Chairs

Parlor Cabinets

Oil Heaters

Heating Stoves

Pictures

Rockers

Sideboards

Buffets

Toilet Sets

Vases

Wardrobes

Tabourettes

Couch Covers

Table Covers

Cut Glass

Gas Portables

Tea Sets

Pillows

Clocks

Easy Chairs

Statues

Lamps

Special Holiday Terms

Those who have open accounts with us at the present time may make such Christmas purchases as they wish, simply adding these to their accounts. In reality there is no call for payment on these purchases until after the present account has been settled.

To those who have had accounts with us in the past we wish to say that these are not considered as closed—they are simply inactive, and may again be used at any time. If you wish to do this with Christmas purchases we shall be glad to grant an extra privilege; no payment whatever will be asked until February 1, 1915.

To new customers we can only say that accounts opened at this time will be arranged with exceptionally easy terms. From the above offers you will see the advantages of being considered an old patron. Make your beginning now.

Carpet Sweepers

Chocolate Sets

Mantel Mirrors

Electric Domes

Shaving Stands

Umbrella Barrels

A Department for Children's Gifts

Our purpose in adding these goods for the kiddies is to still further relieve parents from the Christmas demand for ready cash. We believe you'll appreciate this opportunity to buy many of the children's presents where you can have them charged on an account. The lines do not include cheap, silly toys, but are made up of the substantial, pleasing articles that give lasting service.

Swinging Hobby Horses,
Doll Go-Carts and Perambulators,
Steel Wagons, Hand Cars,
Automobiles, Doll Brass Beds,
Children's Wood and Reed Rockers.

Peter Grogan

and Sons Co.
817 to 823 7th St.

DESIRE LABOR EXCHANGE.

Chamber of Commerce Plans Submitting Scheme to Congress.

A national labor exchange similar to those in use abroad is provided for in a bill which the Chamber of Commerce committee on unemployment will

ask authority to draft and present to Congress, at a meeting of the board of directors this afternoon at the rooms of the chamber. Prof. Lenox, of this city, an authority on the subject, has agreed to serve the committee the benefit of his information in drafting such a law.

Consideration of such a request for investigation and indorsement by a

new insurance company to be established in the District will be another matter taken up at this meeting.

The committee of ten on suffrage has appointed a subcommittee to draft a resolution to be presented in Congress after the holidays. This committee is composed of Chapin Brown, Theodore Noyes and A. Leftwich Sinclair.

Nominations for directors have been made as follows: W. J. Kehoe, William F. Gude, Joseph I. Weller, William M. Dove, John Poole, Claude E. Miller, C. W. Darr, and Joseph A. Berberich.

An electric machine that works automatically has been invented for stuffing sausages.